

A SONG THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WILL LOVE !!!

LETTER FROM NO MAN'S LAND

By
HAROLD B
FREEMAN



HAROLD FREEMAN MUSIC CO.

42 WEYBOSSET ST. PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

A LETTER FROM NO MAN'S LAND

INTRO.

HAROLD B. FREEMAN

Very slowly

A lit - tle gray moth - er sat all a - lone, Dream - ing the hours a - way:
 A beau - ti - ful smile came up - on her face, Driv - ing the tears a - way:

— She'd giv - en her young - ster to Uncle Sam, To fight for the U. S. A.
 And faith came a - gain to her lone - some life, The dawn of a bright - er day.

— And they came a ring at the door bell — The post - man had left a note —
 Her whole heart and soul seem'd to miss him — She whis - per'd a prayer to God —

— She van - ished her fears, and she smiled thro' her tears At the sim - ple words he wrote. —
 Praps that ten - der note, that her sol - dier boy wrote, Was for her e - nough re - ward. —

CHORUS Slowly

Per -haps all the words were not speld right _____ Or the mean-ing was not ver -y clear _____

A frayed lit - tle scrawl, but she read it all, It start-ed with Moth - er
dear: _____ But she did - n't cry at the lines that he penned, She felt might - y

proud that his life she could lend, And she kissed each oross, there at the
end, Of a letter from No Man's Land. 1 Per - Land. 2

HAROLD FREEMAN'S MASTERPIECE.
MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

If you can pause for a moment, in this whirl of life, and lay aside the cares and the worries, and look back-across the bridge of life when you were a kid in your mother's arms, in your mind the sweetest picture in the world will be formed, when your mother was singing you to sleep with the beautiful strains of "Rock-a-bye, Baby!"

Too young to have a care in the world, you were content in those strong arms, and Paradise could never be nearer to you than at that time.

That's what MY MOTHER'S LULLABY brings to you - the most beautiful memories, the thoughts of childhood, of mother, and of peace. It's a song of mother-love, and in the sublimity of the devotion of the mother for her child, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY excels the ordinary song; it is nothing pretentious, but a simple story, and a story that the whole world loves, told in a simple way. Can these words awaken in your heart a faint throb of responsiveness and bring you memories-wonderful memories.

CHORUS

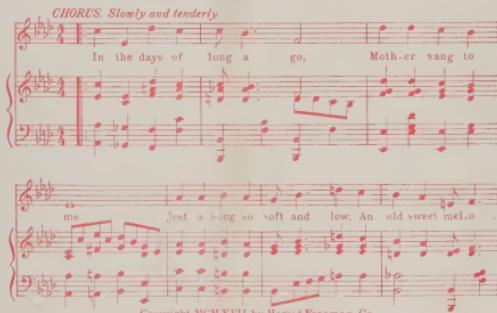
In the days of long ago, Mother sang to me,
Just a song so soft and low, an old sweet melody;

It wasn't a classic of opera so grand,

A sweet simple tune you could all understand,
Rock-a-bye Baby on the tree-top, seemed to make me cry,
Still I hear it, soft and low, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

And then play this little bit of the music:-

CHORUS. *Slowly and tenderly*



In the days of long a - go, Moth-er sang to me
Just a song so soft and low, An old sweet mel-o

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